The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ROSES IN DECEMBER

What and when to remember and forget is the great lesson of life. And like all other vital things it is only learned at the feet of CHRIST. *It is there we plant the flowers that will bloom in days to come. But what if we neglect His invitation to be His disciples? For no roses will ever gladden the darkness of Winter if the Spring-time has been frittered away.*

"GOD gave us memory," it has been said, "that we might have roses in December." So did those Hebrew exiles find—roses and remembrance amid the willows and the weeping, blooms in Babylon, who said: "*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem . . . if I remember thee not.*"

That is perhaps one of the discoveries which it is most important that we should make, not only for our own sakes, but also for the sake of our fellows in misfortune, and for the sake of Jerusalem. Roses are not the special product of the plain of Sharon; they may flourish in the plain of Dura as well. We may be forced to hang up our harps for a while, and the song in our hearts may be silent. And it looks like the end of all music. It looked like the end when they hanged the music of God Himself up on the tree, and required mirth, saying: *Ah, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself and come down from the cross.* Was ever mirth required in such awful circumstances? *Our tormentors required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in the land of a stranger?* The crucifixion of a nation foreshadowed the suffering of God for the world's redemptiom. The wise man had said: "As one that taketh off a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." But the wisdom of God is wiser than man; and when they took off His garments, casting lots for them, in that cold April morn, and when they brought the vinegar, even then they could not quench the music, and they could not blight the roses. "*In the place where He was crucified there was a garden.*"

Babylon has done its worst if it can make the exiles forget the past. Those sufferers recognised this, and they were determined that they would never forget. The heavy hand of sorrow, depression and misfortune is apt, among other things, to take away our sense of proportion. We say to ourselves: Winter has come, and there can be no more flowers; the song has died from our lips, and there is nothing for it but to wreathe our harps with willow shoots, to preserve their silent strings a little longer from decay. And we put our faith into cold storage, as it were, just when we need it most.

It is in December that we need the roses most, and so God gave us memory. "*If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.*" Babylon might have the power to silence the exiles' harps, but Babylon could never blot out the memory of Jerusalem. *O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore do I remember Thee from the land of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.*

"It is not enough considered," says Samuel Johnson, "that mankind more often requires to be reminded than informed." There are those who speak and act these days as if the Israel of God had been exiled to Babylon for good and all. But the God of the Church is not in exile. The eternal Word of God is not bound in Babylon; and don't let us forget that.

What I hear is the voice of them that have led us away captive requiring of us a song, or, as the suggestive Hebrew has it, requiring of us "words of song." I hear the voice of the very forces that have laid the Church in heaps, as they imagine, saying to that very Church, *Sing us one of the songs of Zion.* Do we say in reply: *How shall we*

sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Why, that is just the very place to sing it! We have got something that they have not got, with all their seeming triumph. We have got something which the world needs, and it knows that it needs it, and that the Church of Christ has got it. The world is beginning to realize that there is no other name given under Heaven among men whereby we can be saved—socially, morally and spiritually—than the Name that we have found so sweet. Sing your song. The thing of tremendous and uplifting importance is how sweet the name of Jesus sounds in an unbeliever's ear. There may be a disguise of mirth, a forced gaiety; but Babylon knows that she needs Zion's song.

The times are evil, are they? All the greater need for a high-power Saviour! After warning His disciples of all the evils that were coming upon the world, Jesus said, "*When these things begin to come to pass, then lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.*" The midnight hour is the very time of the Bridegroom's arrival. Israel had been unfaithful to the great charge that had been committed to her, and so she went into exile. But out of that experience she returned purified and strengthened and made fit to redeem the world. The harps of the Church are silent to-day because they have been used too much for the wrong purposes. They were never meant for political ballads and war snatches. But the world can only be saved if, in her temporary exile, she remembers and refuses to forget. Babylon needs her song; in very striking tones Babylon is calling for her song. Let her not through grief and self-pity, and mourning over what she has lost in the way of former place and prestige, fail to discern the opportunities of the hour.

There were two aspects in this call to remembrance on the part of the exiles, one negative, the other positive. *If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I remember thee not, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.* There was, first of all, the need to keep from forgetting, in a selfish absorption of grief, all that the past had meant. Whatever is taken from us, nothing and nobody but ourselves can ever rob us of the past. And we are so robbed only when we forget. But there was a positive note, the call to remember. Let Babylon know that although they had vanquished the body of Israel, they had not touched her spirit. It is so easy in the midst of Babylon to hang up the old harps that once accompanied our singing, and to live as if the ideals of youth, mistaken though some of them may have been, were for ever dead. Let my right hand forget her cunning, let my tongue be dumb, if I forget and do not remember the things which alone matter. The hand with which we grip, the tongue with which we speak—the essence of religion is at the root alike of all action and of all community of thought. What does all our business in Babylon amount to if we are neglecting the essentials? What is the good of the skilled right hand amassing wealth in the great city if the chief things are forgotten and never brought to mind? "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" No, replies the very soul of us; in the regular remembrance of Zion, and in the record and rekindling of spiritual experiences alone lies hope for all.

Alongside of this picture of the discomfited captives and the sighing willows, there is another picture to be set. God's dramas do not end with willows and weeping; they always issue in roses and rapture.

The harps of Israel came down again from the trees. *When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.* Israel brought back from her exile not only a chastening memory, but a new and sweeter song. *Able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God* says the apostle, touching the very secret of silenced harps.—*Rev. Hurbert L. Simpson, M.A.*

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

—*Mary Howitt.*

ENGLAND'S OPEN AIR CHAIR-MAKERS WORK IN THE WOODS

Open-air industries are always interesting. They who ply their handicraft free to the light of the sun and the four winds have a picturesqueness and independence no factory hands ever attain. England has several ancient crafts in wood-work carried on in the open—such as the making of clog-soles and of beechen bowls, basket-weaving and another one or two—but none of them is so profitable or so fascinating as the making of parts of the comfortable Windsor or Wendover chairs in the beautiful beech woods of Buckinghamshire. There men make parts of modern furniture with tools of the seventeenth century artificers in wood, and—what is remarkable—are in a flourishing way of business despite the finely-contrived machinery, time and labor-saving, in the furniture factories.

All their work is done in the woods, with only a few tools and the most primitive of lathes and, as often as not, within a short distance of where grew the beeches whose branches and trunks are transformed into chair-legs and spindles of extraordinary fineness of curve and finish.

In the summer and autumn you come upon these hereditary craftsmen—in all perhaps no more than some ten score of them—camped here and there in the woods of leafy Buckinghamshire. Each artificer has his hut of brushwood and canvas, well thatched, in which he houses his lathe and sleeps at night. His meals he takes in the open alongside his fire of beech-chips and branches, breakfasting at sunrise and suppering as the twilight falls. It may be because of his absorption in his creative work—and this turner in beechen wood has the eye and hand of the born artist who needs no reference to design and measurements but works intuitively—but this open-air craftsman with the brown face and clear eye usually is one of the most laconic men in Britain. In this respect he is like the majority of dwellers in the open. Instead of talking, he concentrates on his work, and he is esteemed an indifferent turner by his fellows if within thirty minutes he cannot change a rough billet into so many chair-legs sweet and perfect in curve, ornament and finish.

The beechwood is cut into bricks eighteen inches long, and each block is split with a hatchet into some twenty lengths of equal thickness. The rough edges are quickly planed down, and then comes into operation the craftsman's lathe—a rough but very effective contrivance of wood and pieces of wire. Hard by the doorway of the hut stands a post or tree-stump, and from it a long supple branch extends horizontally to the lathe. A line stretches from the tip of this branch to the treadle, and the motive power is soon and easily enough supplied.

After the rough log has been fixed in position in the lathe, a turn of the line is taken round the wood, and at a movement of the treadle it moves rapidly round toward the turner. With one tool he speedily smoothes down the rough surface to a nicety; with another, he cuts out the ornamentation of rings or beads infinitely faster than the motion of the foot on the treadle; and then a trick or two played with a chisel completes the perfected whole.

In a twelve hours' day this artificer in beechwood, working at his primitive lathe, can make as many as a gross of chair-legs, for which he gets a "fair" price—between two and three dollars. Each leg and spindle is as perfectly turned—as smooth and gently curving—as the next, yet the artificer works by eye, and eye only, plus the trained instincts of an expert craftsman.

In Chequers, the country house of England's prime minister, that stands surrounded by woods of beech, the atmosphere may be all acquiver with twentieth-century life and its momentous problems. Not far away, in the cool shade of the beeches, with the flitter of leaves in his ears, and the low sweet song of Cock Robin, the turner carries on his handicraft as his forbears did long generations ago—content with one of the cleanest, sweetest, and healthiest of all occupations or trades.—*N. Tourneur.*

A SONG OF SUNSHINE

This is the hour of the dreamy road that lies just
over the hill,
Where the trees are planted in gold and red and
the leaves are never still;
This is the hour when the fairies wake, and,
blowing their horns of joy,
Call truce to the troubles that haunt the world,
and turn us back to boy.

There were lilacs only last April here, but the
road is changed since then;
And vistas are opening farther away to widen the
vision of men;
So he that follows this magic way shall find in its
beauty and rest
A courage and comfort to help him bear the ache
and care in his breast.

It would not be well for the race of men if the
dreamy road were gone;
For over the dreamy road we pass to the promise
of deeds and dawn;
And ever the leaves that flutter down and the
colors that glow so bright
Are but signals over the hills that frown from a
land of the fairy light.

—*By the Bentztown Bard.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

The Sharon, Mass., Cheerful Letter Committee offers the following books and music. (Apply to Mrs. G. Brewster Wood, Hillsine Road, Sharon, Mass.)

Books

Casket of Gems.
The Rose of Sharon.
The Millionaire Baby.
The Jungle Book.
The Shönberg Cotta Family.
Glenwood or the Parish Boy.
Anderson's General History.
The Beauty of Wisdom-De Normandie.
The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss.
The Bonny Brier Bush.
History of Rome.
Alice in Wonderland.
Schraf Sermons.
Vron Grohelaae.

Music

45 Hymn and Tune Books in good shape.
24 Hymn and Tune Books in poor shape.
4 Worship and Song.
9 Anthem Book for use in Liberal Churches.
5 The Santaral Anthem Book.
1 Exclesiae Organum for Church Service.
5 Bamabach's Sacred Quartettes.
8 Jubilate Deo.
18 Christmas Service Pamphlets.
1 Lessons for L. L. Kindergarten.
Children's praise song book.
11 Beacon Services.
Pamphlets of Special Services.
Gilbert's Responses.
71 Copies Choral Fantasia from Lohengrin.
37 Lost Chord.
45 A Night in Spain.
41 Hearest Thou.
45 My Kentucky Home.
44 On High the Stars are Shining.
45 Brahms Lullaby.
54 Omnipotence by Shubert.

REQUESTS

1. (Miss) Jennie Mae Polk, Peachland, N. C., Route 1, writes: "I am a girl of sixteen, and I live in the country on a farm with my parents. They are old folks, and I am the only child. I would be glad of someone to correspond with. I would appreciate embroidery or crochet thread, or reading—something to pass the time."

2. I am an eighteen-year-old school girl. I would be glad of any kind of good books to read, also some quilt scraps of any sort. Yours truly, Ossie Carpenter, Grassy Creek, N. C.

3. Miss A. L. Phillips, Western State Hospital, Staunton, Va., who three years ago received so many charming books and magazines while ill at the University of Virginia Hospital, now wishes to get in touch with the *Cheerful Letter* again, and begs that the books, etc., listed below, and others, be sent to her at the above address. If the list seems too long, she would suggest that it is entirely impossible for her to explain how much delight and comfort such literature will give her, or to give any idea of the happiness that she can give to others through such books, where, in an isolated life, she would ask consideration of the lack of all access to public libraries, concerts, lectures, etc. Kipling's complete poetical works; Rupert Brooke's poems; A. E. Housman's "Last Words"; Swinburne's poems; Oscar Wilde's poems, also his Eric Oarn and plays; Samuel Butler's "Way of all Flesh," and others; Conrad's "Lord Jim," "Youth," "Nigger of the Narcissus," "Aylmer's Folly," etc.; Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and others; Masefield's poetry; Hegemon's poems; Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat;" Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, Burns; Voltaire's Letters and Essays; Montaigne's Essays; Rand McNally's "Atlas of the World" (or any good Atlas;) any good biographies, essays, etc. *Atlantic Monthly, Living Age, Harper's, Scribner's, Saturday Evening Post,* popular magazines, Presser's Etude; English and French papers, especially "Courrier des États Unis."

4. I am a mother of five children and would be glad to receive any books or magazines, and I would be more than glad to receive any kind of quilt scraps for patch work. For my reference write to Rev. Avery Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C. (Mrs.) Claud Wallace, Grassy Creek, N. C.

5. I am a poor woman and have three little children, I would appreciate some good reading or any thing, as I am badly in need. Mrs. Zenn Blevins, Silas Creek, N. C.

6. Miss Thelma Jones of Copeland, Ark., writes: "I am a young girl, age 18 years and will teach my first term of school this summer. And it is so far to get help of any kind here. For primary work, such as busy work, books or pictures, I am writing to see if you will help me and surely will appreciate your help. I would also like a correspondent. I live in a very remote district, 45 miles from the railroad, and we usually have so short a term of school, I want to do all the good I can in the length of time (two months)". (This appeal came too late to be published in our summer magazine. Can we not remember Miss Jones and her needs when she teaches her second term of school? B. W. A.)

7. Am writing to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for the help they have been to the school in helping us get a library, for it has surely been a great benefit to the school, one that certainly is appreciated. We would also like books, cards or pictures. Help of any kind from first to third grade is needed so badly and will surely be appreciated by the school. Mrs. Hazel Watson, Copeland, Ark.

8. I have just undergone a serious operation and it will be some time before I can get around or do any work much, and I would be so glad of something to read and would appreciate so much some reeds or raffia for basketing work. I thank all *The Cheerful Letter* friends for past favors. Your friend, (Mrs.) Bessie McFarland, Manchester, N. C.

9. Mrs. Lelah Mabe of Lawsonville, N. C., would enjoy receiving *The Cheerful Letter* magazine each month after someone has finished reading it.

10. I am a girl and live in the Mountains. There are not many girls around. I get very lonesome sometimes and would appreciate any kind of books or magazines to read. For reference I refer you to Rev. I. J. Freeman, Tellico Plains, Tenn., Route 1, Miss Sarah B. Jones, Tellico Plains, Tenn., Star Route.

11. Mrs. Carbit Wallace of Lansing, N. C., would appreciate very much some good reading matter for herself also some A B C books and cards for her little three-year-old daughter.

12. Miss Viola Bredwell of Decatur, Tenn., R. I., writes: "I live with my grandparents, my mother being dead. My grandparents are both old and not able to work much. Grandmother would appreciate some quilt scraps and I would like some good books or magazines suitable for my age, which is eighteen years.

13. A request has been received in behalf of Miss Alice Haynes of Bassett, Va., saying she is a very poor and afflicted little girl, her father is a cripple. She would appreciate a little cheer from some good lady. She is destitute of the advantages that other children enjoy.

14. I am the mother of five children, Mildred age ten, Mable age nine, Murphy six, Doris three, and Marie one year old. I would be glad of any kind of good magazines or religious books.

I enjoy reading but have little time for it: also, the children love to read and would appreciate anything sent to them. I have received some copies of *The Cheerful Letter* and enjoy it very much. Mrs. W. P. Scott, R-3, Box 79, Ferrum, Va.

15. Bessie Smith of Polkton, N. C., Route 1, is an adopted child fifteen years old. She lives in the country, three miles from school, and attends church and Sunday school regularly. She would like books or magazines, bits of lace or ribbon, also cards for her little three-year-old brother.

16. I am a little boy just eleven years old. I have four little brothers and one little sister younger than I. I help mother care for them. I would appreciate the Beacon paper or a small Testament to read, if any of *The Cheerful Letter* ladies have them to spare. I will send a reply to every paper or book I may get. Hope to see my letter in print soon. My address is Benjy Philpott, Roanoke, Va., Box 224, Route 5.

17. I wish to thank you all for your good cheer and kindness. I haven't words to express my heartfelt thanks. I am a poor mother and hope you all will still remember me in my distress and lonely moments. My husband is at work several miles from home most of the time so I am left here with the children, so sad and lonely. Will enjoy any kind of cheer. May God bless you all and aid you all in your good work, Yours Mrs. E. F. Adams, Brandan, N. C.

18. I want to thank all of *The Cheerful Letter* friends who have been so kind to me and my children and hope they will remember us this winter. I will be glad of reading or bits of thread. Your friend, Mrs. Baxter Neaves, Jefferson, N. C.

19. I want to ask *The Cheerful Letter* friends a favor. I am learning to embroider and I would be so pleased if they would send me some leavings of floss from their embroidery work—just any kind or color. Eva Wilson, R. 4, Montrose, Colo.

20. As it has been a long time since I have written to *The Cheerful Letter*, I thought I would write again, as I have changed my name. I used to be Miss Grace Saunders, now I am Mrs. Grace Plemons. I married a man with four small children and my husband works away from home all the time so we get lonesome while he is away and wish some one would send me some reading matter and bits of embroidery thread. Now I hope I have not asked too much and may God bless every one of you. (Mrs.) Grace Plemons, Tellico Plain, Tenn.

21. Dear *Cheerful Letter:* We are twin girls in high school. Our mother is a widow with seven children, two sets of twins. We live in the country. Next year we will study parts of Shakespere and would like to have "Tales of Shakespere" by Lamb, as our time is limited and we have to work part of the time. Refer to Rev. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Burlington, N. C. Thanking you all in advance. Sincerely yours, Mary and Madge Murray, Burlington, N. C., R. F. D. 7.

22. In 1923-24 your society sent me magazines and books—they were such a great help to me and to my school children.

I am going to teach at Chase City this coming session and assure all of you dear kind people that any books or magazines would certainly be appreciated.

I am going to teach the fifth grade. I am also interested in all histories, English and American novels and poetry. Hoping to keep in touch with you and again thanking you for the help you have given me in the past, I am, Yours most truly, Clara M. Willis, Chase City, Va.

23. Mrs. Roy Payne of Stapleton, Neb., writes a grateful letter of thanks for books and cards sent to herself and children the past season. She would like a copy each of the November and December *Ladies Home Journal.*

24. I am a girl fifteen years old. My father is dead. I live with my stepfather and mother. Mother and I get lonesome and we would like to have good novels and short stories to read. We live forty-five miles from the railroad and ten miles from a little town. I have two little brothers that would enjoy funny papers and books for boys. My mother's name is Mrs. D. A. Dean, Rex, Ark. I will give you Rev. Elmer Waddell for reference. Beatrice Jones, Rex, Van Buren County, Ark., Box 57.

25. I wish to thank all *The Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness and for the things they have sent me for the past year. I have answered all that had addresses but some didn't give any address. I surely have enjoyed the books and magazines, and would appreciate any good books, literature (especially *Good Housekeeping*) and would pass them on to my friends, also any thing suitable for my children, one girl age nine years, and three boys seven, five, three. I have not heard from any of the dear friends for quite a while but hope they will remember me in the coming year. I would be glad to correspond with anyone that would care to write, as I am in poor health this summer and am by myself quite a lot. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. 1.

26. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends: I would love to correspond with some of your friends. I am a poor woman and have one stepboy. He is fourteen years old. My husband is a preacher. I would love to have any kind of reading matter. Thanking you in advance for anything that you might send me. Reference: Rev. Arthur L. Powers, Brandon, N. C. Yours very truly, Mary Grayheal.

27. I want to thank all *The Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice things they have sent to me in the past. I certainly appreciate all the good

reading that I received. During that time I enjoyed good health but since then I have lost my health and am not able to do anything but read, sew, or crochet. I hope you will remember me again with anything that will cheer a sick woman. Mrs. J. D. Mosley, Phoenix, N. C.

28. Mrs. Minnie Wilkey of Dayton, Tenn., Route 4, Box 185, would like very much to have a Bible with good print and some good reading matter.

29. Cecil Darnell of Tuckerdale, N. C., is a fatherless, fourteen-year-old boy, very fond of reading, and he hopes that some one will send him some reading matter suitable for his age.

NOTICE: *No* attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

SMILE

THE good Lord understood us when he taught us
how to smile,
He knew we couldn't stand it to be solemn all the
while;
He knew He'd have to shape us so that when our
hearts were gay,
We could let our neighbors know it in a quick
and easy way.

So He touched the lips of Adam and He touched
the lips of Eve,
And He said: "Let these be solemn when your
sorrows make you grieve,
But when all is well in Eden and your life seems
much worth while,
Let your faces wear the glory and the sunlight
of a smile.

"Teach the symbol to your children, pass it
down throughout the years,
They shall know their share of sadness and shall
weep their share of tears;
But forever through the ages men shall prove
their faith to Me
By the smile upon their faces when their hearts
are trouble-free."

The good Lord understood us when He sent us
down to earth,
He knew our need for laughter and for happy
signs of mirth;
He knew we couldn't stand it to be solemn all
the while,
But must share our joy with others—so He
taught us how to smile.

—Edgar A. Guest.

WITH OUR HOME-MAKERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Six large tomatoes, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, speck of pepper, 1/2 tablespoon butter, 1/2 tablespoon sugar, 1/2 cup of bread crumbs, 1/2 teaspoon onion juice. Arrange in baking dish. Cut a thin slice from each tomato. With a small spoon scoop out as much pulp as possible without injuring the shape. Mix pulp and juice with other ingredients and fill tomatoes. Put on tops and bake slowly three-quarters of an hour.

Salmon Puffs.—Remove skin and bones from 1 pound can salmon. Chop very fine, add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Pack in custard cups or muffin tins. Bake half an hour. Serve with white sauce. White sauce: 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste. Put butter in saucepan, stir until melting and bubbling. Remove from fire, add flour with seasonings and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour the milk on and stir until it comes to a boil.

Rhubarb and Apple Pie.—Fill a paste-lined plate with chopped rhubarb and apple, equal parts, 1 large cup of sugar, some bits of butter; sprinkle over a little flour, cover with top crust and bake.

HANDY HINTS

Your rubbers will last longer if you put a half-inch layer of crushed tissue paper into the heels. The paper forms a soft cushion for the hard heel of the shoe and thus lessens the wear on the rubber.

While washing varnished woodwork, put kerosene in the water to remove grease stains.

A good toilet water is made of two ounces of elder flower water and an equal quantity of distilled water.

To remove stains from a mattress, apply a thick paste of starch and water; place in the sun; when dry rub off the paste. Repeat if necessary. Rub spring mattresses with a cloth dipped in melted paraffin to prevent rust.

To make a good home-made duster, soak old pieces of flannel in paraffin oil over night; wring out tightly and wash in lukewarm water and let dry. It will gather all dust and give a good polish to furniture and floors.

"I DON'T like to say such long prayers," said a little girl. "I want to say nice short ones like Nursie does."

"What kind does Nursie say?"

"Oh, she just says 'Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up!'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

LIFE

Laughter and song,
A friend and a smile or two,
Then a lonely and long
Hard pull for a mile or two;
Danger and fear,
The despair and the doubt of it,
Then the skies clear,
And the glad coming out of it!
Meet what you must
As a man, as a friend,
Be strong and be just,
Joy shall come in the end.

—*Selected.*

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

Ludwig von Beethoven, one of the most illustrious of German's modern musical composers, was born at Bonn in 1770, and died at Vienna in 1827. His life was a sad one, made so largely by the unkind treatment of those who should have been his friends. That he preserved his sweet kindliness of nature in spite of all is shown by the following anecdote:

One moonlight winter's evening, in Bonn, I called upon Beethoven, wishing to take him for a walk, and afterwards to sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street he suddenly paused. "Hush," said he, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. How well it is played!"

We paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?" "I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding! I will play to her and she will understand it."

And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door. It opened and he entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend.

"You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; "how then does the young lady—" He paused and colored for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired, and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work, the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses!

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once

more!" He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door, "Farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath. He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!" Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which the music-loving world is now so fondly acquainted.—*Unknown.*

FICTION WE REMEMBER

The Beloved Vagabond

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

With "The Beloved Vagabond" Mr. Locke set for himself a new popular pace. In it his world of fantasy was enlarged, but it was not changed. Its scenes are in England and in France, and its hero is a nondescript genius who has been thwarted by life and who thenceforth becomes a wanderer, a ne'er do well, a drunkard, a mountebank, a braggart, but who yet remains at heart a man of honor and a gentleman. He buys a London gamin of his mother, brings him up, educates him, puts him on the road to fame as an artist. It is this lad who tells the story of the adventures of himself and the beloved vagabond.

It was written of "The Beloved Vagabond," when it was published in 1906: "Readers of it will meet joy of the most joyous in its pages. They will realize what it means for a human being to be utterly irresponsible, to be happy in a way of life that the world looks upon as degrading. They will rejoice at knowing the beloved vagabond himself, who is Gaston de Nerac by birthright, but who calls himself Berzilius Nibbidard Paragot by choice, and they will derive equal pleasure from little Asticot, from the beauteous Joanna, and not least of all from the devoted Blanquette." Since then Mr. Locke has written many novels, but in none of them has he excelled the high spirits and the romance of "The Beloved Vagabond."—*Boston Transcript.*

"FAITH AND A FORD"

"With faith and a Ford anything is possible" is the recent pronouncement of a weekly publication given to the promotion of ideals.

A little vehicle and a big faith will go where a high-powered car and a shrinking faith dare not attempt to negotiate. Indeed, a Ford has a tendency to demand faith at times—there is no other recourse.

Faith and a Ford are each important; but the greater of these is faith. Indeed, there is a well-grounded suspicion that faith made the first Ford.

A noted violinist was playing for a Venetian audience. Suddenly his E string snapped. After a short period his A string let go. Then his G string broke—and the audience groaned.

However, on the one remaining string he began again and played his fantasy from beginning to end and the theater rocked and rocked with tumultuous applause, "One string—and Paganini!"

Even a Ford and faith and anything is possible. A miserable little gasping gasoline engine fouled among four bicycle wheels and a great faith formed the first Ford. It comes nearly being the grand-daddy of all the big cars that flash along the boulevard.

A small machine and a big brain that thinks in world terms and soon a vast enterprise will girdle the earth. Only a few bottles of crude oil and a spark of genius made the oil can the trademark of America around the world.

Indeed, anything crude, if coupled with faith, will soon be refined enough to sit in with dictators and presidents and assume the controls of destiny among men and nations.

Faith and three small battered caravels put out from Spain and thrust their prows through storms and superstitions into the port of a New World.

A queen furnished the caravels; but Columbus furnished the faith. Else those little tubs and their wrangling crews would have spent their miserable lives poking their noses around in the land-locked harbors of the Mediterranean.

The joke of the highway and a mighty faith easily become the wheels of destiny driven by the Infinite.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

A DAY IN HEALTH LAND

Do you know our friend Astra, the Health Fairy? The children who do know her, believe in her, I can tell you. Why, a boy who had seen her in one of her plays, met her afterward, dressed up like an everyday young American. That didn't fool the boy. "Aren't you Astra?" he asked. "Yes," she said. "Well, then," he asked, "won't you please change this sausage into an Eskimo pie?"

The sausage was one of a bunch that the boy's Mother had sent him to get for her. So Astra did not change it into an Eskimo pie. But when the boy had delivered the sausages to his Mother, Astra did something better; she went off and far away with that boy into the orchard beside an old farmhouse; and there they picked rosy apples together, and sat on the ground, against the trunk of a great apple tree, while he munched a good ripe apple. And she talked to him, in the twilight, about the happy children that live up in the Milky Way.

Oh, they are laughing, prancing children; and their cheeks are red, and their eyes shine! They work hard; they play hard, and they sleep on soft clouds in a breeze all night. Up betimes, they bathe in crystal lakes; they rub down, and run in the warmth of the early sun.

"Does the sun always shine there?" asked the Boy, twirling his apple core sleepily between his thumbs. "Is it warm always, or shiveryish like here?"

Astra put one arm around him. "It's crispy-frosty often; but the star-children are as warm inside, as you are now." And indeed the boy felt a delicious soft warmth all through him, as he leaned his head against the Fairy's shoulder. His eyelids drooped. But really was it true that his eyes were shut? For when Astra just beckoned with her free hand, he saw a silver, five-pointed star come twirling down out of the sky, and stop just in front of them, afloat in the air.

Astra laid her free hand on a point of the star. "Come," she said. With her arm around him, he floated and rose, flying, racing, comet-like, through dark cool wind . . . .

He opened his eyes. It was early morning. And the boy, with Astra's arms still around him, saw suddenly, all about them, the gayest boys and girls that ever he had seen. They stood, with the boy and Astra, on the sands of a bright lake.

In they dashed, splashed and swam. Out they rushed, pranced on the sand, then frisked into the droll thickets where bath towels grow on the bath towel bushes, and celestial tooth brushes hang from the tooth brush trees. There they rubbed and brushed and dressed; then came out on the other side of the thicket, straight into a land of whiteness, the Milky Way, where milk ran from a pearl mountain down into a diamond bedded brook, pure and fresh beside the road.

The boy, and those gayest boys and girls that ever he had seen, jumped over the brook, and made for an open tent where a long table was set, with plates of red, red apples, bowls of hot porridge, brown bread, bran muffins, eggs, milk in crystal pitchers. Onto the benches they crowded. Ravenously they ate, yes ravenously, but hard and slow, grinding that bully food, grinding and grinding it between their teeth, and swallowing it down before they gulped their milk.

Then the Man-in-the-Moon had school for most of them; his silver face all grin-some and round. He had school that was work, you bet, but fun too, you better—for all the young ones, while big people in the garden rooted up rooty things,—potatoes and beets, parsnips and carrots, and cut up leafy things, beet-tops and spinach, lettuce and such. And in school, the Man-in-the-Moon had school lunch for the kiddies,—milk in small crystal bottles with goldy straws to suck it with. And a school-nurse lady in the spick-and-spanest uniform ever seen, weighed and measured all of them,—school kids and youngest kids too,—so as to start the year right. Then the Man-in-the-Moon let school out early, just to celebrate. And the boy, and all those gayest boys and girls, climbed Amethyst Mountain to pick the blue blueberries. And they picked them, I can tell you, pailfuls and pailfuls.

Back in the open tent, on the benches at the long table, they had their noon-day dinner. A little meat, baked potatoes, and carrots and spinach, milk and blueberries and ice cream made of really truly cream, served by Astra herself.

Then she waved her wand once. And they found themselves, all of them, in an airy warm space, lying in the shade on the ground. Astra waved her wand once more. They all slept—slept—slept; while Astra, with a smile on her face, sat watching them and thinking silent, brave and happy thoughts about each one of them,—thoughts that slipped out of her mind and heart into their minds and into their hearts to keep them brave and confident and always gay.

"Let's go! Hi, there; up! Away. Let's go! Let's go!"

It was Astra's voice that lifted them, wide awake, to their feet; and off their feet, into the air and into a daylight sky full of silver stars and stars.

With those silver stars, they played ball, throwing them one to another; and way, way up to catch, as they fell, with a silver splash, into

their outstretched hands. Oh, what a game that was!—running and laughing, throwing, sliding, catching, batting,—all in a maze of blue, blue sky and silver, shining stars. And the boy played with the best of them; ran, slid, threw, caught,—gayer than ever he had been before,—and breathless with fun.

The boy wasn't tired, not really tired, you know, and those boys and girls of wonderland, surely they weren't tired. Yet when Astra caught all the stars one by one, and tossed each star separately up into its own place aloft there; they gathered willingly, the boy and his new dear friends, all in a fairyland-circle, quiet around her.

"Children," said Astra, "listen. Wise people say that you have enemies, queer little enemies too small to see. Never mind. Those wise people are right, you do have enemies, queer sickness-enemies, too small to see. But I tell you, and I'm wise too,—I tell you that you have friends, wonderful, healthful, happy friends, unseeably small, but unseeably great; and you have human friends too. Trust them. Be sensible. And above all, be brave, brave and confident, confident and gay."

The sun was setting, a disk of gold, in streaks of emerald and silver, ruby, amethyst and pearl.

"Come," said Astra; and they slid through cloudland, softly, swiftly, to their tent.

Bread and butter and honey and milk,—milk from the mountain of pearl; that was their supper!

Dusk came. They lay warmly on white clouds. Astra kissed them one by one, all those gayest boys and girls that ever he had seen,—and at last the boy himself.

He opened one eye. "Thank you," said he, "thank you. I've had the happiest day." Then he opened the other eye. "Why, is that you, Mummy? I thought you was the fairy. Good night, Fairy-Mummy, gimme 'nother kiss."

And the boy lay sound asleep.

He—"I always kiss the stamps on your letters, because I know that your lips have touched them."

She—"Oh dear! and to think that I dampen them on Fido's nose."—*Union Pacific Magazine.*

A MAN entered the lobby of a hotel and placed his umbrella in the stand attaching a tag on which was written:

"This umbrella belongs to a champion prize fighter. Back in ten minutes."

When he returned the umbrella was gone. The tag, however, was still there and on it someone had written:

"Umbrella taken by champion long-distance runner. Won't be back at all."

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou com'st not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-birds hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky.
Blue—blue—as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

PUBLISHER: "In your story I notice you make the owl hoot 'to whom' instead of 'to whoo'."

Author: "Yes, this is a Boston owl."

TEACHER: "What is a Republican?"

Johnny: "A great sinner mentioned in the Bible."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

PROFESSOR: "What is the most common conductor of electricity?"

Student: (very much at sea): "Why-er-"

Professor: "Wire. Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of power?"

Student: (all the more bewildered) "The what, sir?"

Professor: "Yes, the watt. Very good."

LITTLE BROTHER: "What's etiquette?"

NEXT SIZE ABOVE: "It's saying, 'No thank you' when you want to holler 'Gimme'!"—*Christian Guardian.*

"YOUR speedometer shows you have gone 25,000 miles. Been taking some long tours?"

"No, the 5,000 is the distance I have covered going back and forth to the office, and the other 20,000 the distance I have covered looking for parking places."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"I CHOPPED the tree down," Georgie cried, "it's been my heart's desire."

"And now you'll chop it up, my son, or else your dad's a liar."

WATCHING BANDED BIRDS

THAT birds will travel thousands of miles on a migration and return the next year to the same locality only fifty feet in diameter is one of the many interesting features of bird life revealed through bird banding and noted by Wright M. Pierce of Pomona College, Claremont, Calif., vice president of the Western Bird Banding Association, who is appealing for the coöperation of ranchers and hunters throughout the Western States in aiding research being conducted by this association.

In the Western States over fifty active banders banded 10,000 birds last year, while over 100,000 birds have been banded to date in the United States.

Bird banding itself is a simple process. Small aluminum bands which in no way interfere with the life of the bird are placed on one of its legs. Each band carries a registration number and letters, Biol. Surv. (Biological Survey).

To band birds it is first necessary to p small baited traps at points where they will m likely attract the winged songsters. The tra sprung automatically by a hungry or curi bird and is inspected at least twice an h When an unbanded bird is trapped by a licen bander it is carefully removed, banded wit small aluminum band and given its freed When a bird captured has a band a careful rec of such capture is also recorded.

Not all birds are caught more than once, some are reported to the Biological Survey many as forty or more times during a seas All banding is carried on in coöperation with Bureau of Biological Survey of the United St Department of Agriculture and only trai men are allowed to conduct the work un Federal and State permits.—*Pomona, Ca College News.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters a by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of co spondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good serm or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only su simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheer Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made paya to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount W Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazin should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brim Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by st dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where he is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Steve 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location a care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine librar are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mas should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from oth interested in the organization and its methods.